

Of course, this would never work with a family.
There would still be the pots and pans
and sofas that fold out into beds and bookshelves
and ancient, white elephantine appliances
not to mention the 80 or so boxes of Fisher
Price toys and cartons of outgrown infant clothes.
Somehow I don't think my wife and kids have much
enthusiasm for the plan.

THE BOBO

When I first saw The Bobo
I wanted to trim my hair
into a Spanish fringe like Peter Sellers
sling an old guitar over my shoulder
and take Barcelona by storm.

My name in lights, green lights ...
BAUTISTA ... BAUTISTA ... BAUTISTA!
An artiste from the provinces
a crafty gypsy and a lady killer too
the Latin madness coursed through my veins.

For you, sweet lady, I had plans
a phony check for 50,000 pesetas
drawn on an equally fake Duke's account
the furriers distrusted me and also your maid
thought me a rogue and a bandit.

But you alone saw the purity of my vision
splayed feline on the sleek bonnet
of that other gentleman's Ferrari, you had
an ear for the seductive note, your
lips knew the kiss of life.

Call it poor vanity, a too rich
imagination gone wild. The city fountains
bubble for me. Old Castilian dust, golden
in the sun. The roar of the crowd, dazzling
I step from the ring, triumphant.

PETOMAINÉ

Farting is the art of the poor. It
clears the mind, tunes the bowels,
gives good physic for the soul.

Well-heeled, you dine on posh steaks,
take in a real show, tool around
town in fine imported sportcars. What
have we impoverished to do but
stay home nights, tooting
the tune of penury?

It must be dietary: peanut
butter toast and cocoa for breakfast,
cheese sandwich for lunch.
Dinner is either beans and hamburger
or tuna and cheese casserole.

I make no apologies for this malodorous habit
but have learned to walk fast in a crowd.

AT THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

They have every book I ever
wanted on display. We try to
park behind the tall cane
so the car is shaded
and cool when we leave at
the end of the
day.

It's a good crowd, cultured.
You can sense it before you
get out of the parking lot.
Lots of German and Japanese
being spoken. The guards
look so relaxed
they've never had to worry
about riffraff.

The cactus gardens look like
something off another planet.
The Zen rock garden is
almost real
and
there are palms of every
species planted
about the grounds.

My kids like the lillypads
floating in the ponds. I
kind of like
the crazy
foreign girls
squatting on the lawns
open-legged
gathering acorns in their
long black skirts
unashamed.